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9-18-2011

# Junior Recital: Carli Mazich-Addice, mezzo-soprano

Carli Mazzich-Addice

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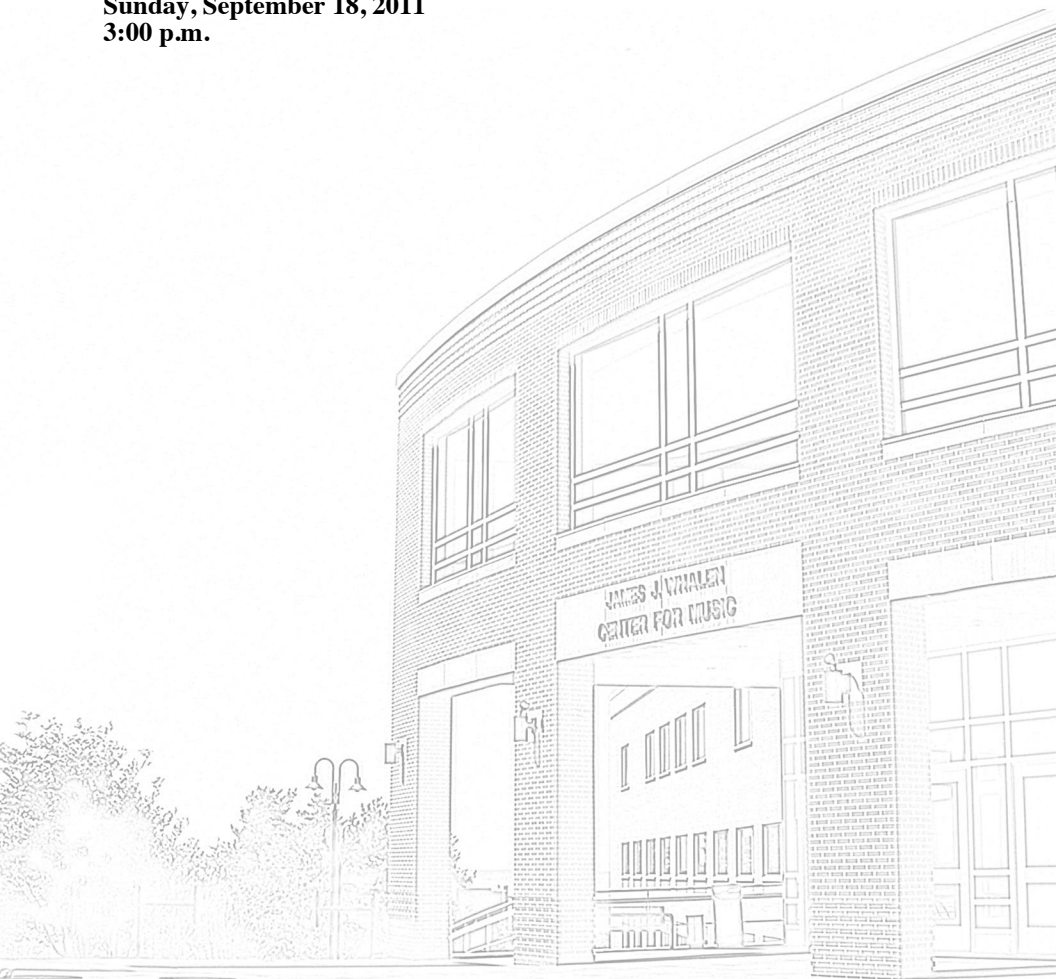
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# **Junior Recital:** **Carli Mazich-Addice, mezzo-soprano**

**Clara Ryu, piano**

**Guest Artist: Jennifer Matthews, soprano**

**Hockett Family Recital Hall**  
**Sunday, September 18, 2011**  
**3:00 p.m.**



## **ITHACA COLLEGE**

**School of Music**



## **Program**

Two Daughters of an aged Stream  
Strike the Viol  
Turn Then Thine Eyes  
Let us wander

Henry Purcell  
(1659-1695)

Volksliedchen  
Jasminenstrauch  
Die Lotosblume  
Widmung

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

Il segreto per esser felici

Gaetano Donizetti  
(1797-1848)

## **Intermission**

Mandoline  
Ensourdine  
Green  
Les Berceaux

Gabriel Faure  
(1845-1924)

Zions Walls  
Little Horses  
The River  
Ching-A-Ring Chaw

Aaron Copland  
(1900-1990)

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This Junior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Voice Performance.  
Carli Mazich-Addice is from the studio of Dawn Pierce.

## Translations

### Volksliedchen

Wenn ich früh in den garten geh', in  
meinem grünen Hut,  
ist mein erster Gedanke, was nun  
mein Leibster thut.  
Am himmel steht kein stern, den ich  
dem Freunchnicht gönte,  
Mein herz gäb'ich ihm gern, wenn  
ich's heraus thun könnte.  
Wenn ich früh in den Garten geh', in  
meinen grünen Hut...

### Jasminenstrauch

Grün ist der Jasminenstrauch abends  
eingeschlafen,  
als in mit des Morgens Hauch  
Sonnenlichter trafen,  
ist er schneeweiss aufgewacht : "Wie  
geschah mir in der Nacht?"  
Seht, so geht es bäumen der im  
fruling träumen.

### Die Lotosblume

Die lotosblume ängstigt  
Sich for der Sonne Pracht,  
Unt mit gesenktem Haupte, erwartet  
sie träumend die nacht.  
Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle, er weckt  
sie mit seinem Licht,  
Und im entschleirt sie freundlich ihr  
frommes blümengesicht.  
Sie Blüht und glüht und leuchtet, und  
starret stumm in die Höh,  
Sie duftet, und wienet und zitiert vor  
liebe und Liebes weh.

### Widmung

Du miene Seele Du mein Herz  
Du meine Wonn O du mein  
Schmerz  
Du meine Welt, In der ich lebe  
Mein Himmel du darein ich schwebe

### Love-thoughts

When at morning in a dress of green  
I thro' the garden go,  
What I first think, I ween, is: How  
fares my true love now?  
Were mine the stars on high,  
  
There's none but he might have it,  
  
My heart I'd give, if I knew only  
how to move it.

### The Jasmine Bush

Green is the Jasmine bush, as  
evening comes it sleeps,  
but when mornings breath and bright  
suns light it meets,  
it awakens snow white: What  
happened to me in the night?  
See this is how it goes with trees as  
they dream of spring.

### The Lotus Flower

The lotus flower feareth  
The beaming sun so bright,  
And with her head low bended she  
dreaming waiteth for night.  
The Moon, he is her lover, He waves  
her with silv'ry light,  
To him she gladly unveileth her  
snow-white flower face pure.  
she blooms, and glows, and lightens  
and gazes mutely on high,  
Exhaling and weeping and trembling  
for love and love's overjoy.

### Devotion

You are my soul, you are my heart  
You are my bliss, Oh you are my  
pain  
You are my world, in which I live  
My heaven, in which I float

O du mein Grab in das hinab ich  
ewig meinen Kummer gab.  
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden.  
Du bist vom Himmel mir  
beschieden  
Dass du mich leibst macht mich mir  
wert  
Dein blick hat mich vor mir verklärt  
Du hebst mich Liebest über mich ,  
mein guter geist mein besseres ich.

### **Il segreto per esser felici**

Il segreto per esser felici,  
so per prova e l'insegno agli amici.

Sia sereno sia nubi il cielo,  
Ogni tempo sia caldo sia gelo.  
Scherzo e bevo e derido insani,

Che si dan del futuro pensier.

Non curiamo l'incerto domani,

se quest'oggi ne dato goder.  
Profitiamo degli'anni fiorenti,

Il piacer li fa correr più lenti.

Se vecchiezza con li vida faccia,  
Stammi attergo mia vita mi naccia.

### **Les Berceaux**

Le long du quai, le grands  
vaisseaux,  
Que la houle incline en silence,  
Ne prennent pas garde aux  
Berceaux,  
Que la main des femmes balance.  
Mais viendra le jour des adieux,  
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,

Et que les homes curieux  
Tendent les horizons qui leurrent!

Oh you my grave that I eternally cast  
my grief in.  
You are rest, you are peace  
you are bestowed upon me from  
heaven  
you love me makes me worthy of  
you  
Your gaze transfigures me  
You raise me lovingly above myself  
My good spirit, my better self!

### **The secret to being happy**

The secret to being happy,  
I know and I teach it to all of my  
friends.

Whether the sky is clear or cloudy,  
In every weather be it hot or cold,  
I joke and drink and I mock the  
madmen,

Who devote themselves to thoughts  
of the future.

We'll not care about the uncertain  
tomorrow,

If its given to us to enjoy today,  
Let's take advantage of the flowering  
years,

Pleasure makes them pass more  
slowly,

If old age with its grim face stands at  
my back and threatens my life.

### **The Cradles**

All along the pier of the great ships,

That the surge sways in silence  
Pay no attention to the  
cradles ,

That the hands of women rock.  
But the day of farewells will come,  
For it is necessary that women weep,

And that curious men  
Brave the horizon that lure them!

Et ce jour-la les grands vaisseaux,  
Fuyant le port qui diminue,  
Sentent Leur masse retenue  
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

### **Mandoline**

Les donneurs de sérénades  
Et les belles écouteuses

Echangent des propos fades  
Sous les ramures chanteuses.  
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,  
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,  
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte  
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,  
Leurs longues robes à queue,  
Leur élégance, leur joie  
Et Leurs molles ombres bleues  
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase  
D'une lune rose et grise,  
Et la mandoline jase  
Parmi les frissions de brise.

### **Ensourdine**

Calmes dans le demi-jour  
Que le branches hautes font,  
Pénétrons bien notre amour,  
De ce silence profond,  
Mélons nos âmes, nos cœurs  
Et nos sens extasiés,  
Parmi les vagues langueurs  
Des pins et des arbusiers.  
Ferme tes yeux a demi,  
Croise tes bras surton sein,  
Et de ton Coeur endormi  
Chasse à jamais tout dessein,  
Laissons-nous persuader  
Au souffle berceur et doux  
Qui vient a tes pieds rider

Les ondes des gazons roux.  
Et quand, solennel, le soir

And on that day the big ships,  
Fleeing the Shrinking port,  
Feel their bulk held back  
By the soul of the far-off cradles.

The men who give serenades  
And the lovely ladies who listen to  
them

Exchange insipid remarks  
Under the singing branches.  
It is Tircis and it is Aminte,  
And it is the eternal Clitandre,  
And it is Damis who for many a  
Cruel woman writes many a tender  
poem

Their short silken jackets,  
Their long dresses with trains,  
Their elegance, their joy  
And their soft blue shadows  
Are swirling in the rapture  
Of a pink and gray moon,  
And the mandolin is chattering  
Admidst the shiverings of the breeze.

### **Muted**

Serene in the twilight  
Created by the high branches,  
Let our love be imbued  
With this profound silence.  
Let us blend our souls , our hearts,  
And our enraptured senses,  
Amidst the faint languor  
Of the pines and the arbutus.  
Half-close your eyes,  
Cross your arms on your breast,  
And from your weary heart  
Drive away forever all plans.  
Let us surrender  
To the soft and rocking breath  
Which comes to your feet and ripples

The waves of the russet lawn.  
And when, solemnly, the night

Des chênes noirs tombera,  
Voix de notre désespoir,  
Le rossignol chantera.

### **Green**

Voici des fruits, des fleurs,  
des feuilles et des branches,  
Et puis voici mon coeur qui ne

Bat que pour vous.  
Ne le déshirez pas avec vos  
deux mains blanches,  
Et qu' à vos yeux si beaux l'humble  
présent soit doux.  
J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée,

Que le vent du matin vient glacer à  
mon front,  
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds  
reposée,  
Rêve des chers instants qui la  
délasseront.  
Sur votre jeune sein, laissez rouler  
ma tête,  
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers  
basiers;  
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne  
tempête,  
Et que je dorme un peu puisque  
Vous reposez.

Shall descend from the black oaks,  
The voice of our despair,  
The nightingale, shall sing.

Here are the fruits, the flowers,  
leaves and branches,  
And here, also, is my heart that  
beats  
Only for you.  
Do not tear it apart with your two  
Two white hands.  
And may this humble offering seem  
sweet to your so lovely eyes.  
I come, still covered with dew,

Which the morning wind has turned  
to frost on my brow.  
Permit that my fatigue, reposing at  
your feet,  
May dream of the cherished  
moments that will refresh it.  
On your young bosom let me cradle  
my head,  
Still filled with music from your last  
kisses ;  
Let it be soothed after the good  
storm,  
And let me sleep a little,  
While you rest.



## Upcoming Events

### September

**20** - Hockett - 7:00 p.m. - **Faculty Showcase**

**21** - Nabenhauer - 8:15 p.m. - Electroacoustic Music Recital

**22** - Hockett - 7:00 p.m. - Benefit Concert for Soo Yeon Kim

**24** - Hockett - 4:00 p.m. - **Guest Recital:** Max Dimoff, bass

**25** - Hockett - 3:00 p.m. - **Guest Recital:** Angus Godwin, baritone

**27** - Hockett - 7:00 p.m. - **Guest Recital:** Trio Montecino

**29** - Ford - 8:15 p.m. - **Robert G. Boehmler Community Foundation Series:** Tish Oney, jazz vocalist - *The Peggy Lee Project*. With John Stetch, piano; Nicholas Walker, bass; and Greg Evans, drums.

**30** - Ford - 8:15 p.m. - **Robert G. Boehmler Community Foundation Series:** Tish Oney, jazz vocalist - *Tish Oney's Big Band Excursion*. With the IC Jazz Ensemble.

*Now in its second century, the Ithaca College School of Music affirms its fundamental belief that music and the arts are essential components of the human experience. The School of Music prepares students to be world-class professionals and the music leaders of tomorrow - ready to transform individuals and communities by advancing the art of music.*